

TRAGEDY.

Ah, me! the loneliness.
When our own side has shut the doors of home,
And we are left without—the deepening gray
Of twilight lying chill upon the old
Remembered paths, and the long night of death
Already creeping o'er the eastern edge
Of a deserted world. The fireless glow
Strikes through the casement, and the children
play
About the settle of the inglenook.
The grandeur nodding by the cheerful blaze.
But if there falls a shadow on the pane
It is the ivy or the slanted rain,
And if a sob breaks in upon the laugh
It is the wind among the apple boughs—
This is the righteous punishment of sin.
—C. Amy Dawson in Chambers' Journal.

A BERKSHIRE STORY.

It was away up in western Massachusetts just where the famous old post road through the Berkshire hills winds itself into New Ashford. The black vanguard of an approaching summer storm crept along the valley behind us, and a few stray raindrops already warned that it was time to seek for shelter. We turned in at the open gate of the first farmyard, and riding up to the vine covered porch of the quaint old house lifted our wheels to protected spots at either side of the paneled door. It may have been presuming upon hospitality as yet unextended, but then no one stops at such conventionalities in the Berkshires, and were we not in the Berkshires? The storm burst, and we sat on the porch beside our faithful steel steeds, watching the clouds hurry by, the tall trees bend in the eddying wind and the cooling water fall to the thirsty earth. Somehow the smoke of our cigarettes seemed strangely out of place in that old fashioned spot, and Harvey observed that he would have felt more comfortable with an old briar pipe and a package of plug cut. A quiet half hour slipped away, while the storm increased rather than diminished, and realizing that we were to be weather bound for a few hours at least the necessity of a luncheon became apparent, and Harvey arose to the attack. Harvey is an actor in season, and what he has learned in the matter of picking up meals on the western circuits helps him immeasurably in summer vacations. Repeated beating upon the door failed, however, to elicit the slightest response from the inmates, and my anticipatory dreams of a soft eyed, rustic Ganymede went gloomily to pieces.

"There must be a corpse in the house," remarked Harvey reassuringly, leaning upon his bicycle and turning on me a look of hungry resignation. I was framing in my mind a neat reply more sarcastic than apropos when the oaken door suddenly opened inward, and an extremely pretty girl with long curly golden hair and big blue eyes confronted us. Surprise was mutual, but she seemed the most confused.

"Why, why," she faltered, "I thought to find one of the neighbors, but—"

"Alarm," in the voice of his most approved stage actor. "We are perfect gentlemen, although our appearance is admittedly against us. We took the liberty to use your porch as a shield from the weather and trust that we are not intruding."

"Oh, no—no," she answered confusedly. "You will excuse me. Dave is hurt. I must go for the doctor," and she ran by us and down the steps into the rain, lifting her calico skirts just high enough for us to see that her pretty feet were but thinly covered with light slippers. Harvey was at her side in an instant.

"Pardon me," said he, "Where does the doctor live?"

"Only a mile or so," she replied, without stopping, "up the road." (She pronounced it "rud," but I am writing this in English.) Harvey caught her arm and pulled her back to the sheltering porch.

"But you must not run a mile or so," he cautioned, "in such a storm as this, without hat, shawl or shoes. It would kill you. I will go for the doctor. My wheel moves faster than your little feet." The girl hesitated a moment and then, as Harvey stood ready to start away, thanked him shortly and gave directions for finding the doctor's house.

"All right, Goodby," he shouted, leaping into the saddle. You take care of Dave."

"Oh, dear, I hope he'll hurry!" said the girl, turning to me as Harvey shot out on the road and sped away through the mud and rain faster than he had ever run from the villain in the play. I thought a reply unnecessary.

"Perhaps I might assist you," I ventured. "I am a bit of an amateur physician. May I see Dave?"

She led the way into the narrow hallway, up the creaking staircase, wall papered at the sides in imitation of white marble, and into a stuffy little chamber just under the dipping eaves. A great, deep chested, sunburned young fellow lay upon a tiny iron bedstead, while one muscular leg hung over the edge, shattered and bleeding. An old woman with soft gray hair and the eyes of the girl bent above him and called his name again and again in tones of the most piteous tenderness. As we entered she turned to my pretty guide, and regardless of a strange presence cried:

"He is dead, Clemmie, dead! My Dave is dead!" and fell at the side of the little bed, sobbing and crying. The girl quickly glided by me, and placing her hand upon the man's chest said quietly:

"He is not dead—only unconscious."

I drew near and saw at once that she was right. The limb had been injured in some farming accident and an artery broken. I set about to stay the flow of blood. The girl brought me a bit of tape, and together we bound it tightly about the bleeding limb, but it was not strong enough, and the flow was only decreased. I tore a slip from the counterpane and wound it over the tape, and this was a decided improvement. Meanwhile the poor mother had fainted of nervous exhaustion, and the girl busied herself administering restoratives. I

was just beginning to wish myself back on Park row when Harvey's familiar voice resounded through the house, and in another minute he and the doctor, covered head to foot with mud, were with me.

"Brought the doc along on my coat-sack," explained Harvey. "His horse was too slow for the case."

The doctor promptly ordered the girl to remove her mother, and then with our assistance set the broken bones, bound up the leg and gave the patient a light injection of morphine. By this time the old lady had recovered and was back again. The doctor reassured her in a few words and cautioned against disturbing the sleeper.

"Let him sleep as long as he will," he said, "and I'll have him about in a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, what will become of the farm? He was getting in the hay when the horse shied, and he went under the rake and was hurt. We cannot do that work. Clemmie can only look after the cows and chickens and the garden, and I'm too frail to help her. Oh, Dave, if we should lose you—turning to the bed—it would be all over."

The alacrity with which Harvey and I offered to remain on the scene and play farmhands until Dave was well was, I thought, only equaled by Clemmie's seconding of the proposition, and we staid.

Those three weeks—it was three before Dave could walk—were a beautiful Arcadian dream—a breath of a life we had never known before. It was all novelty, all interest to us, and Clemmie was a most excellent instructress in the gentle art of farming. Every night when we had done milking the cows, feeding and watering the stock and all the hundred other things that rustics have to do, Harvey would say:

"There is no getting around it, you've got to write a pastoral play for me when we get where there are pen and ink. If after this I can't out-Whitcomb Whitcomb and out-Prouty Prouty I want to know why." And it seemed like dropping the curtain on the prettiest sort of a play when one sunny August morning we rolled our wheels out and pointed them for Pittsfield. The trio of the old house stood upon the quaint little porch and watched us oil up and make ready. Dave was just able to be about and help himself. There were tears in the old mother's eyes when she held our hands and said:

"Goodby, my sons, and God be with you. You have helped him to save my Dave, and he will bless you for it. I've always heard that actors and newspaper men were very bad indeed, but I'll never believe it again. Goodby." And then Dave, on Clemmie's arm, hobbled down to the old vine wound gate, and there we left them standing in the shadow of the great elms and waving a parting that we had promised should not be for long.

Neither of us had much to say as we glided along at the foot of the emerald hills, and for my part, tears would have come easier than words.

"That was an odd remark of Clemmie's this morning," said Harvey at length, "about losing a ring and making us all swear to return it when found."

"I thought so at the time," I answered. Just then he divined into his coat pocket, and producing his cigarette case opened it with an exclamation of surprise.

"What's wrong?" I queried, riding alongside. In reply he held out the case, and there on the cigarettes lay Clemmie's little turquoise ring.

"Shall you keep your promise?" I asked.

"Of course," said he, fastening the jewel securely on his watch chain. "Of course I will—but, say, you might postpone writing that pastoral play for me until I return the ring. There may be a new suggestion for you."—George Taggart in Journalist.

Shelley's Feminine Admirers.
Mr. Graham in his recollections of Jane Clermont, Mary Shelley's half sister, has this transcription of a talk with her:

"All you ladies," I remarked, "seem to have formed a kind of adoring circle around Shelley."

"Yes," she said. "Shelley had an irresistible attraction for all women. His nature was so pure and noble, the tone of his poetry, whenever a woman is mentioned, is of an almost unearthly purity. Instead of holding with Byron that woman is inferior to man, he looked up to woman as something higher and nobler. Many of his poems express this feeling most forcibly."

"The desire of the moth for the star,
The desire of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar."

"I can imagine Shelley," I said, "almost like a pretty girl himself. I am sure that poetical epistle to Maria Goretti is most ladylike."

She replied indignantly: "Not at all. There was no lack of manliness about Shelley. He was utterly without any sense of fear, always in the open air, yachting or taking strong physical exercise. He was the finest walker of any man of the Byron-Shelley clique and could tire out almost any of the others."—Nineteenth Century.

German Lithographs of British Work.
An English lad, a pupil at the Cardiff board school, sent a specimen of wood carving to the annual exhibition of the Recreative Evening Schools association, in London. For the excellence of his work he was awarded second prize, and he subsequently reaped the further satisfaction of selling his exhibit to her royal highness Princess Louise. He took his certificate of merit to a picture framer's to be suitably mounted. The framer called his attention to the fact that this reward of British industry and skill, presented to an English boy by a London institution enjoying royal patronage, had been produced by a foreign firm of lithographic artists.—Westminster Gazette.

MODERN MIRACLES.

CAREFUL AND COMPLETE INVESTIGATION BY A JOURNAL REPORTER.

A Searching Inquiry as to Startling Statements Recently Published.

(FROM THE ALBANY, N. Y. EVENING JOURNAL.)

A few days since, the Times-Journal of this city published a remarkable letter, under the headline of "An Athens Miracle." The statements made were so unusual, and the interest occasioned so great, that an investigation by a Journal reporter seemed a necessity. The letter was that Mr. Lewis Clow of Athens, N. Y., had been stricken with kidney disease. The best of medical attendance was obtained, and failed to benefit him. While in this almost hopeless condition, he began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured him; and furthermore, that there were other residents who had a similar experience.

To verify these statements and get what other information would be of interest to our readers, the Journal representative left Albany and soon found himself in the pretty village of Athens. It did not take long to satisfy the reporter that the statements of Mr. Clow were in every way true. The Rev. Dr. William Lawrence, pastor of the Lutheran Church, Postmaster True and Justice of the Peace Goeller, when asked about it, said that every word was true, to their knowledge. Mr. Clow was at death's door suffering with kidney trouble. The physicians failed to help him, and he was cured by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; also, that Favorite Remedy had performed as marvelous a cure for Mrs. Casper Brooks, wife of the proprietor of the Robins House of that place.

Calling upon Mrs. Brooks, your reporter stated his mission, and Mrs. Brooks replied that she would be perfectly willing to tell all about her wonderful recovery.

"Yes," said she, "I had a hard fight for health, but Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy restored mine. My first trouble was ulcers of the womb, and they caused me the most intense pain and suffering. I consulted our regular physician, but he did not benefit me; in fact, I kept growing worse. My kidneys were getting very much diseased, and this combination of troubles was almost unbearable. At my husband's suggestion, I consulted physicians at Albany, Hudson, and Chatham, and took their medicines and prescriptions faithfully, but found no benefit. You can imagine my terrible condition at this time, after employing five of the best physicians, all to no purpose; but at this dark hour a ray of light broke in upon me. Dr. Wm. Smith, of Jewett Heights, was recommended, and it is to him I owe my good health, for it was Dr. Smith who prescribed Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for me. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it, and began to feel better and kept improving daily, the ulcers healed up, and my kidney trouble left me entirely. My case was greatly complicated, and did not stop here; I suffered from those terrible headaches so common among women, but I kept on taking Favorite Remedy, and am now entirely free from these diseases."

"I am told that I have a tumor that cannot be cured unless I go to a hospital, but I think Favorite Remedy will in time cure that. I have been so well for the past few months," said Mrs. Brooks, with a smile on her face, "that I do nearly all the work about the hotel, and am getting along with about one-half the help we used to employ. I certainly don't want to pose as a miracle, but what else could you call my recovery?"

Such a straightforward statement convinced the Journal reporter that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was certainly a godsend to the sick and suffering.

Hundreds of people in and about Athens are conversant with the facts of these cases. In speaking to Mr. Horton, the well-known druggist of that place, he said: "Oh, yes, we sell quantities of Favorite Remedy. Why, there's Joseph McGiffert, William Mackey, Martin Hallenbeck, Casper Hallenbeck, Mrs. Robert Tiffany, and many others, say that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is worth its weight in gold."

The investigations of the Journal reporter admit of but one conclusion: that as this great medicine is within the reach of all, it should be used by those who are suffering from rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney, liver and urinary troubles. It will correct the worst cases of habitual constipation, is a certain cure for the diseases and weaknesses of women, particularly those that originate in change of life. It cures scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, eczema, ulcers, sores and tumors, gravel, diabetes or Bright's disease. Favorite Remedy is acknowledged by the medical profession as nature's antidote for uric acid.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and it never fails to cure when the directions are followed. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is to be found with every dealer in medicines, at one dollar a bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.—Adv.

SEWER ORDINANCE.
Regulating the management of and connection with the sewer system.
AN ORDINANCE to establish rules and regulations for the management and use of the public sewers, drains, and appurtenances thereof. Be it enacted by the Township Committee of the township of Bloomfield as follows:

SEC. 1. Before any building or premises shall be connected with the public sewer, the owner thereof must obtain a written permit, issued by the Committee on Sewers, authorizing such connection to be made. Application for permits must be made on blank forms furnished by the Collector of Taxes and each application made and permit granted shall be for the connection of one house or premises with the sewer, and only one connection shall be made for each permit granted.

SEC. 2. Every application shall be signed by the owner of the building, or by his or her authorized agent, shall state the name and address of the owner of the building, and the building sufficiently to identify the same, and specify, as nearly as possible, by ground plan or otherwise, the exact location of the connection with the building shall be made. If the owner wishes to construct, at his or her own expense, under the supervision and subject to the inspection and approval of the Township Committee or their authorized agent or agents, as prescribed in section seven, so much of the house sewer as lies between the street line and the building, the application must so state. Applications must be filed with the Collector of Taxes.

SEC. 3. The Committee on Sewers and Drainage shall be agents of the Township Committee as to matters falling under the operation of this ordinance, and shall appoint and employ necessary inspectors, agents and workmen, and exercise the power hereinafter mentioned, in the name and subject to the approval and ratification of the Township Committee.

SEC. 4. The Committee on Sewers and Drainage shall consider the applications filed with the Collector of Taxes as nearly as possible in the order in which they are received; may return, suspend action on, or reject any application for connection in form or substance, or for any other reason satisfactory to them, and shall grant permits in proper cases. The agent and employees of the Township Committee shall have the right to enter the building and premises mentioned in any application, whenever necessary to examine the same, or to do any work thereon.

SEC. 5. Every permit shall be signed by the Chairman of the Committee on Sewers and Drainage, and shall be issued by the Collector of Taxes upon the receipt by him of the payment of twenty-five dollars, mentioned in section six. It shall be the duty of the Committee on Sewers and Drainage to keep a record of the permits so issued. The Committee on Sewers and Drainage may, for satisfactory cause, revoke a permit on return of said payment of twenty-five dollars, or an equitable part thereof. Every application and permit shall be subject to the regulations and conditions created and imposed by the Township Committee, or any person to whom a permit shall be granted, or his or her successors in interest, shall be liable to the Township of Bloomfield, its agents and servants, in consequence of the refusal or revocation of a permit, or of delay in acting on an application, or of making any connection, or because of the cutting off of a connection, under the provisions of this ordinance. A permit may, at the discretion of the Committee on Sewers and Drainage, contain special provisions and conditions as to the use of flush tanks, size of pipe, method of construction, mode of use and similar details.

SEC. 6. So much of the house sewer as lies between the street line and the wall of the building, may be constructed at the option of the owner, either by the Committee on Sewers and Drainage, for which service the owner shall pay to the Collector of Taxes the rate of fifty cents per foot, such payments to be made in advance in all cases, or by the owner under the supervision and subject to the inspection and approval of the said committee, for which service the owner shall pay to the Collector of Taxes the sum of ten dollars, and in all cases where the owner has work done on himself or one licensed to do the work as hereafter provided for shall be allowed to make such connection. If the owner elects to have the work himself he shall declare that option in his application as prescribed by section two.

SEC. 8. Any person desiring to be licensed as a contractor to do any work in connection with the sewer system shall file in the office of the Township Clerk a petition for a license, for which he shall pay the fee of five dollars, all such licenses shall expire on the 1st of January next following their issue, and to give a satisfactory bond in the sum of five hundred dollars upon the payment of said fee of five dollars, and upon the approval of the board of assessors shall be granted him by the Township Committee in the usual manner.

SEC. 9. No permit shall be granted to connect with a public sewer any building not provided either with a ventilating pipe, extending without trap or other obstruction, from the house sewer to a point at least two feet above the roof of the building, or with a trap on the house sewer, in which latter case a ventilating pipe must be constructed from the sewer side of the trap to a point two feet above the roof, and a fresh air pipe must be introduced on the house side of the trap.

SEC. 10. No permit shall be granted to connect any cesspool, privy or privy vault with a public sewer.

SEC. 11. No rain water leader or pipe for the drainage of any cellar, or for the conveyance of storm water or surface water shall be connected directly or indirectly with a sewer. No shall any refrigerator be connected therewith except by special permission of the Committee on Sewers and Drainage.

SEC. 12. If it should appear that a building not provided with ventilating apparatus as mentioned in section nine, is connected with a public sewer, or that any privy, cesspool or connection is connected with the public sewer, or that any building or premises have been connected with a public sewer, without a permit in violation of this ordinance, or if any connection made by the owner with the provisions of this ordinance, and payment of the sum of five dollars, the Committee on Sewers and Drainage shall restore such connection.

SEC. 13. The house sewer from a point three feet outside of the house to the street sewer, shall be of cast iron, or of galvanized pipe, or of earthenware pipe, unless laid less than three feet deep, when it shall be of heavy cast or wrought iron. Interior diameters, except water closets, to be not less than four inches. Exit pipes to all fixtures shall be furnished with suitable permanently attached strainers.

SEC. 14. The cover of the "Y" branch on a sewer shall be carefully removed, so as not to injure the socket. The first length of pipe attached to the "Y" branch shall be curved and set so as to give a good slope into the sewer. The pipe shall be laid on an even grade of not less than one-fourth of an inch to the foot, unless by special permission of the Committee on Sewers and Drainage, in which case the sewer must be made with pure cement of first quality. Curved pipe shall be used for every deflection from a straight line of more than six inches in two feet. The joints of the cast iron or wrought iron pipe shall be of oakum and lead if cast iron is used, or approved joints with white lead if wrought iron is used. The end of all private sewers not immediately connected with the plumbing fixtures shall be securely closed by water tight impervious material. If lead pipe, the end shall be soldered. If wrought iron pipe, a plug must be screwed in the end; if cast iron pipe, a cast iron plug must be caulked in with the lead. No person shall place or suffer to place, any bulky substance in any sewer opening or house connection, or private drains connected with any public main or lateral sewer, or any substance having a tendency to obstruct the free flow of sewage, or to damage them in any way. The Committee on Sewers and Drainage or their authorized agents or inspectors, shall have power to stop and prevent from discharging into sewer system any private sewer or drain through which substances are discharged, which are liable to injure the sewers or obstruct the flow of the sewage.

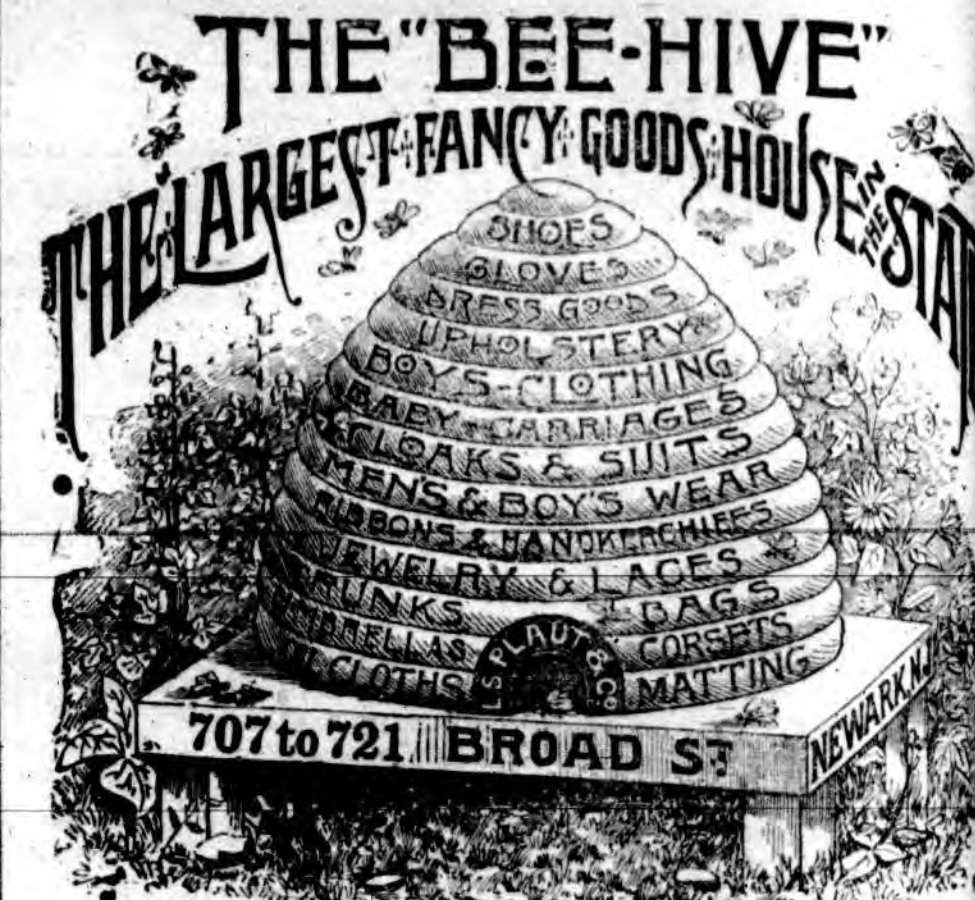
SEC. 15. Before any old private drains or sewers shall be connected with the sewer system, the owner of the private drain or sewer shall prove to the satisfaction of the Committee on Sewers and Drainage, or their authorized agents or inspectors, that it is clean and conforms in every respect to the rules and regulations adopted by the Township Committee.

SEC. 16. Any person who shall make a connection with a public sewer contrary to the provisions of this ordinance, or shall violate any of its provisions, or interfere with any agent or employee of the Township Committee while acting in the course of his duty, shall forfeit and pay a penalty of twenty-five dollars for each offense, to be recovered with cost of suit in an action of debt, brought in the corporate name of the Township of Bloomfield for the use of said township.

SEC. 17. An ordinance and parts of ordinances inconsistent with the provisions of this ordinance are hereby repealed.
Passed Feb. 19, 1894.
W. M. L. JOHNSON, Township Clerk.

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